

# THE GULF COAST BREEZE.

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H. DON McLEOD, Jr., - - Editor.

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Nebraska is the least illiterate State of the Union, the State in which the percentage of persons of school age who cannot read or write is the smallest.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of England says that he does not believe in cheap education. Nobody should, adds the Independent. "It does not pay to economize on wits and cultures. Money spent on education is well spent, provided the training given be moral as well as mental."

The pure food laws passed by so many western states two years ago are bearing fruit. Not only is the sale of bogus dairy products restricted, but the inquiry for pure butter has steadily increased. In Missouri the effect has been very noticeable. Less than 30,000 pounds of butterine a month are now sold in St. Louis, where formerly it took 300,000 pounds to supply the demand.

A novel point in that part of international law that deals with the exterritoriality of foreign embassies has just been decided in the Berlin sheriff's court. A parrot belonging to the Japanese embassy escaped from its cage and took refuge on a high tree in a garden next door. To get it down some of the embassy servants played on the bird with a garden hose, and drenched at the same time the owner of the garden, who happened to be sitting under the tree. He brought suit for trespass, and received twenty marks' damages, the injury having been inflicted on German soil, though the perpetrators had not left Japanese territory.

The clever forgery of notes of the Bank of England, which recently came to light quite by accident, has created a sensation from the fact that the bank's own paper, with the proper watermark was reproduced. This had never before been done. The forged notes were absolutely perfect, excepting that the secret cipher marks were lacking. The discovery that the notes were not genuine was made by a cashier, who happened to have reason formally to check the validity of the notes by reference to the cipher books. About £10,000 of the forged notes have turned up so far, and it has been discovered that they were all put in circulation in one day by being changed simultaneously at twenty-five different exchanges in Paris. The gang is known to be a large one, but so far the police have been unable to trace its members.

Our English contemporary, Industries and Iron, presents the following pleasing list of inventions which it says are claimed by Americans. We ourselves have never heard of any of them, but then one must go abroad to get the news. It says: "One has heard less lately of those of Mr. Edison's inventions which are to be employed in case of war, more especially of his 'sniggling chains' and 'electric water,' but still one does occasionally hear of some tall 'inventions' of our cousins in the United States. It has been gravely announced in some of the American journals that a native inventor has perfected 'a deep-sea locomotive and train, capable of moving on the surface or beneath the water, or at the bottom of the sea.' Another inventor has designed a torpedo, carrying in its bows a powerful electro-magnet, which will be attracted by the steel hull of a vessel, and affix itself there until explosion takes place. A submarine boat is also spoken of, which can be separated in parts, each part remaining 'alive' and intact. A leading feature of the last 'invention' is that when destruction is imminent (we are surprised to learn they are not invulnerable) the crew escape through water-tight doors. Having done this, the escaped crew will probably take a seat in the Pullman cars of the 'deep-sea locomotive train.'"

## Worth While.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows along like a song:  
But the man worth while is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong;  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years,  
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth  
Is the smile that comes through tears.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,  
Who had no strength for the strife,  
The world's highway is cumbered today;  
They make up the item of life,  
But the virtue that conquers passion,  
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—  
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,  
For we find them but once in a while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Congregationalist.

## Daisies for Remembrance.

They were walking slowly side by side through the fields on a fine afternoon. He was tall and dark, with a grave, determined face, and his every look and gesture showed his strength. She was slim and fair, her eyes were blue and eager, and somehow the sunshine of the summer day seemed to have gotten into her face.

"So you are going to Newport tomorrow?" the man asked, turning toward the girl abruptly.

The wind had blown the loose ends of her wavy hair about her face and the dimples came into her cheeks as she smiled up at him. She was very pretty.

"Yes, tomorrow," she answered. "You must confess it is rather dull here, is it not? And Newport is gay. Mamma says it is the gayest place she was ever in, so I persuaded her to take me there."

She stooped as she spoke and pulled off a daisy head, pinching it in her fingers.

"Don't," said the man sharply, reaching out and almost roughly unclosing her fingers from the crushed little flower. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to hurt you. You see you care for Newport and balls and things and I care for the meadow here, and the flowers, and—" He paused, leaving the sentence unfinished.

But she laughed brightly. "Oh, of course, I care for the meadows, too," she said. "But I could never live here as you do. I must be where there are people and dinners and dances—society, you know. I do love to wait, don't you? And I adore fine clothes, and—and admiration, I must confess."

She spoke half shame-facedly, and glanced almost unconsciously at the man's shabby gray coat and grave, indifferent face.

"I don't think I was ever so happy in my life as I've been these last three months since I came out."

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "I've heard you say that before. But I've only known you two weeks, and it seems to me you suit the fields and the flowers far better than the opera and the ballroom, Miss Davis."

His voice and manner made the little speech a compliment, and the girl laughed again gayly. He thought sometimes that she laughed too often.

"There is something more in life," he went on, his eyes fixed on the daisies in their path, "than just society, I think. I have to get along without parties and fine clothes," and this time it was he who glanced at the worn coat, "but there are things broader and better and nobler than a good time, are there not, Miss Davis?"

She looked at him in surprise, quite uncomprehending and somehow disappointed.

"I don't know," she began slowly. "I like the good time best of all, I think. Anyhow, Mr. Paul, I will leave the other things for you. You must not speak ill of my dear, gay society, and I won't hurt your flowers. Is it a bargain?" And she picked a daisy very carefully this time and fastened it in his buttonhole, laughing.

Boston, Dec. —

My dear Miss Davis—You will be surprised at a letter from me, I know, and I fear more than surprised at what I have to tell you. I shall not enlarge upon the subject, and I can only say very simply, "I love you."

I never expected to share my secret with you, for I am aware that it can hardly be of a moment's interest to you. But my sudden departure on business to India on Friday, and a re-

mark of yours made long ago, that a "man owed it to a woman to let her know he loved her," has caused me to write to you tonight. Perhaps, too, I "owe" it to you to tell you that my love for you began with the two weeks we spent together last summer at L—. Since then I have met you but rarely, but I have watched from a distance your social successes and have been truly glad for the happiness I am sure they have brought you.

I can only hope that this society which you enjoy so well may never disappoint you, and that you will let me say a word of farewell to you at the ball on Thursday, as your devoted friend,  
PAUL MOSHIER.

It was the night of the charity ball. The great hall was ablaze with light; the orchestra, in a bower of palms at the far end of the room, played brilliantly; everywhere there were men in their ugly conventional black suits, and beautiful women, dressed in satins and silks of every color, and gay with jewels and flowers.

The dancing had begun an hour ago, but still Paul Moshier was standing in the little crowd of men always to be found about the door. He was waiting for Miss Davis. He did not think that he would say "good-by" to her after all—he did not know as he ever meant she should see him. But he must get a little glimpse of her before he went away to India.

To tell the truth, Paul was hurt and angry at Miss Davis. He had sent his letter to her three days ago and he had had no word from her since. He thought to himself that she was rude—a lady should make some acknowledgement, however slight, of a letter like that. But she was spoiled by much admiration; society had turned her head.

Nevertheless, he had come to the charity ball in his shabby dress suit and his best loves, simply to see Miss Davis and to say "good-by" to her silently in his own heart.

He waited patiently at the door, craning his neck to catch sight of each new face, and paying no heed to the brilliancy of the ball. Hundreds of radiant women passed and repassed before him, the dance music sounded in his ears, the lights blazed into his dark eager eyes, but he never turned his attention from the door.

Once someone spoke his name, but he did not answer, and many times he was jostled and did not feel that he moved.

The minutes dragged by slowly. Nearly everyone had come, and the great clock on the wall behind the matrons struck 12 faintly through the music. Still he waited silently, though he was thinking now that perhaps she did not mean to come at all. Perhaps that was to be her answer to the letter.

Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour went by—she had not come. Then suddenly the crowd about the door drew back on either side and Paul, stepping hastily out of sight behind the other door, saw that she was coming.

He watched her with narrow, intense eyes as she came in on her father's arm. She wore a plain white dress, cut low, and finished about the neck with fine old lace; her gloves did not quite reach to the puff of her sleeve and showed part of her white arm; one of her little satin slippers had lost its ribbon rosette. Paul noticed all these details of her costume unconsciously; it was not till later that he

knew he saw them. It was the sweetness of her pale, fair face and the light in her eyes that made him start. "Miss Davis looks more stunning than ever tonight," said a man standing in the crowd.

But Paul did not hear him. He had pushed the men hastily aside, and stepping proudly, his head held high and his face shining with happiness he had gone to meet her.

For in the belt of her white muslin gown there was a great bunch of daisies.—Boston Post.

## Borrowing His Own Capital.

"I have an old college friend who has been on his uppers here," said a LaSalle street business man. "About a year ago he began dropping in to borrow \$5 or \$10 at a time from me. He would always repay me and be effusive in his thanks. He never owed me more than \$10 at a time. One day he came in to pay me, and when he offered me \$5 I asked him if the amount was not \$10.

"I thought it was \$5," he answered, but your recollection is better than mine," so he paid me the \$10, although I protested against it.

"Later on my stenographer, who remembered the circumstances, told me that he borrowed only \$5.

"I laid a \$5 bill out on the desk for him. He came in during my absence and borrowed it, and left an L. O. U. A day or two after, while I was out, he came in and left the money for me. I put it back on the desk, under a paper weight, and within a week he came in again, while I was out, and borrowed it. That has been going on for three months. He has borrowed and paid back his \$5 bill at least six times, but he never comes in the office while I am there. I'm waiting to catch him and let him know that he is borrowing his own capital."—Chicago Record.

## A Remarkable Book.

The most curious book in the world is neither written nor printed, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Its pages are composed of the finest quality of vellum, and the letters were with infinite pains and trouble cut out of the material with a sharp-pointed knife or pair of delicate scissors. It is interleaved with blue paper, and the letters can, therefore, be read as easily as any print. It formerly belonged to the Prince de Ligne, and is now in the library of a noble French family. The title of the book is "Liber Passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, cum Characteribus Nulla Materia Compositis"; in English, "The Book of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Characters, Without Materials of Composition." The matter is a homily probably composed by some monastic preacher of the Middle Ages. A remarkable circumstance connected with this book is the fact that, although it bears the royal arms of England, no mention of it can be found in any English writing. The book is believed to have been made some time in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. In 1640 the Emperor Rudolph II offered for it 11,000 ducats, which in the money of our time would equal about \$66,000, and the offer was refused.

## Queen Victoria's Favorite Apple.

In Montgomery county, Virginia, on an extensive plateau of a spur of the Blue Ridge, an apple is raised that in size, symmetry, and flavor can only be surpassed, if surpassed at all, by the genuine Albemarle pippin. Unfortunately, it would seem that the real home of this last most delicious fruit is limited to a small area in and around Rockfish Gap, partly in Albemarle and partly in Nelson county. But a pippin much resembling it, even though not in all respects so excellent, may be advantageously cultivated through a stretch of a hundred and fifty miles along the slope of the Blue Ridge. More than forty years ago a barrel or two of the Albemarle pippins were sent as a present to Queen Victoria, and from that day to this it is the favorite apple at her court.—Lynchburg (Va.) News.

## Inconsiderate Father.

Hattie—What's the matter with Gustavus? He never calls any more? Hortense—Why, one night when he was at the house I called him the "light of my life," and papa came in and said it was about time the light was put out.—Yonkers Statesman.

## The Old Grind.

Sometimes I look upon the rich  
With envy in my breast,  
And think how pleasant it would be  
To just "saw off" and rest—  
To smoke cigars and loaf around,  
While others worked away—  
With plenty "salted down," of course,  
For the future rainy day.

Oh, what a joy 'twould be to tell  
The man who bosses me  
That I was tired of his style—  
To brace up and be free!  
And, in the lazy mornings, how  
I'd like to lie abed.

And what a pleasure to get out  
And be a thoroughbred!

Such thoughts I have sometimes, but when

I'm ill and have to stay  
Indoors a day or two, ah, then  
My envy fades away!  
I think of all the boys at work,  
And know no peace of mind,  
Until they let me out and I  
Resume the same old grind!

—Cleveland Leader.

## HUMOROUS.

"Trust me dearest," said he, and be my bride." "I'm opposed to trusts and combines," was the chilling reply.

Fond Mamma—Bobby, Bobby, whatever makes you so restless? Bobby—Having to keep still so much, I suppose.

Hobson—How are you getting on with your bicycle? Dobson—Same way as usual. I haven't learned the pedal mount yet.

"Now, when you ask papa for me, be sure to face him like a man." "You bet I will. He doesn't get any chance at my back if I can help it."

She—Then papa didn't refuse to listen to you? He—Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.

Mrs. Hashcroft—Is there too much seasoning in the turkey, Mr. Billings. Billings—No; I should say there is too little turkey in the seasoning.

"Of all the wonders of the great west, which was the one that impressed you most?" "Wondering how I was ever going to get back home."

"Yes, sir," said one sportsman, "that pugilist has just invented three new blows." "H'm," replied the other. "I thought he seemed a little out of breath."

De Garry—Why is it that when a fellow is alone with a girl he loves they seldom play cards? Merritt—Because if they did she would have to hold her own hand.

How joy would shine in the human heart  
And life seem nothing but fun,  
If work looked as little before you start  
As it does when you get it done.

"Are you unmarried?" asked a lawyer of a Chicago lady he was cross-examining. "Oh, yes," she answered with a sweet smile. "I've been unmarried three times."

The Pastor—I don't see your husband at church any more? The Wife—No; he never goes now. What's the matter? Why, you know he's a vegetarian, and he says there is too much meat in your sermons to suit him.

Crimsonbank—Speaking of George Washington, the first president of these United States—Yeast—Yes. "There is one thing certain; if the policy adopted by him for truthfulness had been carried out, we never would have had a weather bureau."

In Norfolk, England, at a feast given at the end of the harvest, the hostess, thinking to honor one of the principal men, asked him to come and sit at her right hand. "Thank you, me lady, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this 'ere pudden."

The prince in the fairy tale proceeded with his glowing description of the home for his bride. "A hundred witching odors," he exclaimed, "shall greet thy nostrils." "Can't you make it ninety-nine scents?" suddenly demanded the princess, who was inclined to be advanced a couple of centuries.

## Plowed Up a Big Indian Pipe.

An immense stone pipe was recently found on Sam Hart's place, near Mount Sterling, Ky., by a boy named Pieratt. He was plowing some virgin soil, when his plow struck a stone, part of which was protruding from the ground. It proved to be an Indian pipe, made of sandstone, beautifully carved, and weighing two pounds and one ounce.